



Crossed by the sea.

Rocky shore.

*To rocks and seas I fly from Pharon's hate,
And hope from seas and rocks a milder fate.*

And as the Act directs, by J. Roach, opposite the Pit door of new Drury Theatre, March 1.

ROACH'S BEAUTIES OF THE PORTS.

(The)

LAST DAY,

by Dr Edward Young.

SAPPHO to PILLION,

by Alexander Pope Esq.

Reflections on a Future State,

by James Thomson.

A WINTER PIECE,

Rey. Rey.



Oh! how my lovely baby and warm cheeks my heart
like thinks thy father how sadly were distressed.

LONDON.

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TO THE

Q U E E N.

MADAM,

MY only title to the great honor I now do myself, is the obligation I have formerly received from your royal indulgence; which I remember with the utmost gratitude. I was indeed uneasy, 'till I had bethought myself of some means of relieving my heart, by expressing its acknowledgment. My inclination carried me to poetry; your virtues determined me to sacred poetry above all other; and in that kind there is no subject more exalted and affecting, than this which I have chosen. Its very first mention snatches away the soul to the borders of eternity, surrounds it with wonders, opens to it on every hand the most surprising scenes of awe and astonishment, and terminates its view with nothing less than the fulness of glory, and the throne of God.

But this may seem a very improper season for any thing of so grave and solemn a nature to present itself before you, and mingle with the gaiety and splendor of universal joy and thanksgiving: yet if we consider that the thoughts which you will meet in the following

pages, are such as are ever uppermost in your own heart; and that in all probability, those great blessings which your people now enjoy, are the reward of that religious bent of mind, and virtuous disposition in their prince; I hope that may seem less foreign and unseasonably, which is the root of the felicity now flourishing among us, and shedding its ripened fruits upon our land.

They are strangers to your Majesty, who think, when they write to the British throne, that victories and triumphs must be their constant theme; they know not there is something you hold much dearer than either your fortune or your glory. They have not attended to your unbounded charities; they have not heard of your royal care and generosity to those who serve at the holy altar; they never sufficiently admired your resolution of building magnificently to the Lord, and setting wide the gates of salvation; in a word, they are still to be informed, that prudent councils and successful arms, well-ordered states, and humbled foes, are only the second glories of your most illustrious reign.

It is, Madam, a prospect truly great, to behold you seated on your throne, surrounded with your faithful counsellors, and mighty men of war, issuing forth commands to your own people, or giving audience to the

great princes and powerful rulers of the earth. But why would we confine your glory here? I am pleased to see you rise from this lower world, soaring above the clouds, passing the first and second heavens, leaving the fixed stars behind you; nor will I lose you there, but keep you still in view through the boundless spaces on the other side of creation, in your journey towards eternal bliss, until I behold the heaven of heavens open, and angels receiving, and conveying you still onward from the stretch of my imagination, which tires in her pursuit, and falls back again to the earth.

What a panygeric is it on human nature to consider that it shall come to pass in some future time, through which the thread of your existence shall run, that you yourself may forget this glorious year, or make its remembrance only serve by comparison to recommend superior honors, and more splendid renown? Let us tremble at the power of God, and adore the profusion of his goodness on us his creatures? We behold thee, O Queen! greater in peace than war, great in thy alliance, great in thyself; we see thee blessing thy people, and composing the strifes of Europe; we survey thee in this full light, this blaze of sublunary greatness, and own thy glory is not yet begun,

Such thoughts might appear too warm, and affected on another occasion; but they are so natural to him

who presents such a theme to such a Queen, that they are not without violence to be suppressed. When at your royal leisure you turn over the following sheets, if you find any thing that encourages virtue, or disheartens vice, let it intercede for pardon of my many defects and errors.

That your reign may be as pious, as it is glorious, and give posterity as many instances of exemplary virtue and religion, as it will of eminent talents, and extraordinary capacities; that it may not only shine in history and be great in the annals of the earth, but also be set down in the observation of angels, and with distinguished characters be written in the book of life, to give joy at the great day; is the constant prayer of him who is, as most particularly obliged to be,

Your Majesty's most humble,

and most obedient Subject

EDWARD YOUNG.

THE
LAST DAY.

~~By EDWARD YOUNG.~~
By EDWARD YOUNG.

BOOK I.

*Ipse pater media nimborum in nocte, corusca
Fulmina molitur dextra; quo maxima motu
Terra tremit, fugere ferae, et mortalia corda
Per gentes, humilis stravit pavor.*

VIRGIL.

WHILE others sing the fortune of the great;
Empire and arms, and all the pomp of state;
With Britain's hero * set their souls on fire,
And grow immortal as his deeds aspire;
I draw a deeper scene: a scene that yields
A louder trumpet, and more dreadful fields;
The world alarm'd, both earth and heav'n o'erthrown,
And gasping nature's last tremendous groan;
Death's ancient sceptre broke, the teeming tomb,
The righteous judge, and man's eternal doom.
'Twixt joy and pain I view the bold design,
And ask my anxious heart, if it be mine.

* The Duke of Marlborough.

Whatever great or dreadful has been done,
 Within the sight of conscious flars or sun,
 Is far beneath my daring: I look down
 On all the splendors of the British crown!
 This globe is for my verse a narrow bound;
 Attend me all ye glorious worlds around!
 O! all ye angels, howsoe'er disjoin'd,
 Of ev'ry various order, place, and kind,
 Hear and assist a feeble mortal's lays,
 'Tis your Eternal King I strive to praise.

But chiefly thou, Great Ruler! Lord of all!
 Before whose throne archangels prostrate fall;
 If at thy nod, from discord, and from night
 Sprang beauty, and yon sparkling worlds of light,
 Exalt e'en me: all inward tumults quell;
 The clouds and darkness of my mind dispell;
 To my great subject thou my breast inspire,
 And raise my labouring soul with equal fire.

Man bear thy brow aloft, view ev'ry grace
 In God's great offspring, beauteous nature's face:
 See spring's gay bloom; see golden autumn's store;
 See how earth smiles, and hear old ocean roar.
 Leviathans but heaves their cumb'rous mail,
 It makes a tide, and wind-bound navies fail.
 Here forests rise, the mountain's awful pride;
 Here rivers measure climes, and worlds divide:
 There vallies fraught with gold's resplendent seeds,
 Hold kings, and kingdoms fortunes in their beds:

There to the skies, aspiring hills ascend,
 And into distant lands their shades extend.
 View cities, armies, fleets; of fleets the pride,
 See Europe's law in Albion's channel ride.
 View the whole earth's vast landscape unconfin'd,
 Or view in Britain all her glories join'd.

Then let the firmament thy wonder raise;
 'Twill raise thy wonder, but transcend thy praise.
 How far from east to west? the lab'ring eye
 Can scarce the distant azure bounds descry:
 Wide theatre! where tempests play at large,
 And God's right hand can all its wraths discharge,
 Mark how these radiant lamps inflame the pole,
 Call forth the seasons, and the year controul:
 They shine thro' time, with an unalter'd ray:
 See this grand period rise, and that decay;
 So vast, this world's a grain; yet myriads grace
 With golden pomp the throng'd ethereal space;
 So bright, with such a wealth of glory stor'd,
 'Twere sin in heathens not to have ador'd,

How great, how firm, how sacred all appears!
 How worthy an immortal round of years!
 Yet all must drop, as autumn's sickliest grain,
 And earth and firmament be fought in vain:
 The track forgot where constellations shone,
 Or where the Stuarts fill'd an awful throne:
 Time shall be slain, all nature be destroy'd,
 Nor leave an atom in the mighty void.

Sooner or later, in some future date,
 (A dreadful secret in the book of fate !)
 This hour, for aught all human wisdom knows,
 Or when ten thousand harvests more have rose ;
 When scenes are chang'd on this revolving earth,
 Old empires fall, and give new empires birth.
 While other Bourbons rule in other lands,
 And (if man's sin forbids not) other Annes ;
 While the still busy world is treading o'er
 The paths they trod five thousand years before,
 Thoughtless as those who now life's mazes run,
 Of earth dissolv'd, or an extinguish'd sun.

(Ye sublunary worlds, awake, awake !
 Ye rulers of the nations, hear and shake !)
 Thick clouds of darkness shall arise on day ;
 In sudden night all earth's dominions lay ;
 Impetuous winds the scatter'd forests rend ;
 Eternal mountains, like their cedars, bend ;
 The vallies yawn, the troubled ocean roar,
 And break the bondage of his wonted shore ;
 A sanguine stain the silver moon o'erspread ;
 Darkness the circle of the sun invade ;
 From inmost heav'n incessant thunders roll
 And the strong echo bounds from pole to pole.

When lo ! a mighty trump, one half conceal'd
 In clouds, one half to mortal eye reveal'd,
 Shall pour a dreadful note : the piercing call,
 Shall rattle in the centre of the ball ;

Th' extended circuit of creation shake,
The living die with fear, the dead awake.

O pow'rful blast ! to which no equal sound,
Did e'er the frightened ear of nature wound,
Tho' rival clarions have been strain'd on high,
And kindled wars immortal through the sky,
Tho' God's whole engin'ry discharg'd, and all
The rebel angels bellow'd in their fall,

Have angels sinn'd ? and shall not man beware ?
How shall a son of earth decline the snare ?
Not folded arms, and slackness of the mind,
Can promise for the safety of mankind ;
None are supinely good ; thro' care and pain,
And various arts, the steep ascent we gain.
This is the scene of combat, not of rest,
Man's is laborious happiness at best ;
On this side death his dangers never cease,
His joys are joys of conquest, not of peace.

If then, obsequious to the will of fate,
And bending to the terms of human state.
When guilty joys invite us to their arms,
When beauty smiles, or grandeur spreads her charms,
The conscious soul would this great scene display,
Call down th' immortal hosts in dread array,
The trumpet sound, the Christian banner spread,
And raise from silent graves the trembling dead ;
Such deep impressions would the picture make,
No pow'r on earth her firm resolve cou'd shake ;

Engag'd with angels she would greatly stand,
 And look regardless down on sea and land ;
 Not proffer'd worlds her ardour could restrain,
 And death might shake his threat'ning lance in vain ;
 Her certain conquest would endear the fight
 And danger serve but to supply delight.

Instructed thus to shun the fatal spring,
 Whence flow the terrors of that day I sing ;
 More boldly we our labours may pursue,
 And all the dreadful image set to view.

The sparkling eye, the sleek and painted breast,
 The burnish'd scale, curl'd train, and rising crest,
 All that is lovely in the noxious snake,
 Provokes our fear, and bids us fly the brake :
 The sting once drawn, his guiltless beauties rise,
 In pleasing lustre, and detain our eyes ;
 We view with joy what once did horror move,
 And strong aversion softens into love.

Say then, my muse, whom dismal scenes delight,
 Frequent at tombs, and in the realms of night ;
 Say, melancholy maid, if bold to dare
 The last extremes of terror and despair ;
 Oh ! say, what change on earth, what heart in man,
 This blackest moment since the world began.

Ah mournful turn ! the blefsful earth, who late
 At leisure on her axle roll'd in state ?
 While thousand golden planets knew no rest,
 Still onward in their circling journey prest ;

A grateful change of seasons some to bring,
 And sweet vicissitude of fall and spring;
 Some thro' vast oceans to conduct the keel,
 And some those wat'ry worlds to sink, or swell,
 Around her some their splendors to display,
 And gild her globe with tributary day;
 This world so great, of joy the bright abode,
 Heav'n's darling child, and fav'rite of her God,
 Now looks an exile from her Father's care,
 Deliver'd o'er to darkness and despair.
 No sun in radiant glory shines on high;
 No light but from the terrors of the sky;
 Fall'n are her mountains, her fam'd rivers lost,
 And all into a second chaos tost:
 One universal ruin spreads abroad;
 Nothing is safe beneath the throne of God.

Such, earth, thy fate! what then canst thou afford
 To comfort and support thy guilty lord?
 Man, haughty lord of all beneath the moon,
 How must he bend his soul's ambition down?
 Prostrate the reptile own, and disavow
 His boasted stature, and assuming brow?
 Claim kindred with the clay, and curse his form,
 That speaks distinction from his sister worm?
 What dreadful pangs the trembling heart invade?
 Lord, why dost thou forsake whom thou hast made?
 Who can sustain thy anger? who can stand
 Beneath the terrors of thy lifted hand?

It flies the reach of thought ; oh ! save me, Pow'r
 Of pow'rs, Supreme, in that tremendous hour !
 Thou, who beneath the frown of fate hast flood,
 And in thy dreadful agony sweat blood ;
 Thou, who for me thro' ev'ry throbbing vein
 Hast felt the keenest edge of mortal pain ;
 Whom death led captive thro' the realms below,
 And caught those horrid mysteries of woe ;
 Defend me, oh ! my God ! oh ! save me, Pow'r
 Of pow'rs, Supreme, in that tremendous hour !

From east to west they fly, from pole to line,
 Imploring shelter from the wrath divine ;
 Beg flames to wrap, or whelming seas to sweep,
 Or rocks to yawn compassionately deep :
 Seas call the monster forth to meet his doom,
 And rocks but prison up for wrath to come.

So fares a traitor to an earthly crown ;
 While death sits threat'ning in his prince's frown,
 His heart's dismay'd ; and now his fears command
 To change his native for a distant land ;
 Swift orders fly, the king's severe decree
 Stands in the channel, and locks up the sea ;
 The port he seeks obedient to her lord,
 Hurls back the rebel to his lifted sword.

But why this idle toil to paint that day ?
 This time elaborately thrown away ?
 Words all in vain pant after the distress,
 The height of eloquence would make it less,
 Heav'n ! e'en the good man trembles.

And is there a last day ? and must there come
 A sure, a fixt inexorable doom ?
 Ambition swell, and thy proud sails to show,
 Take all the winds that vanity can blow :
 Wealth, on a golden mountain blazing stand,
 And reach an India forth in either hand ;
 Spread all thy purple clusters, tempting vine,
 And thou, more dreadful foe, bright beauty shine :
 Shine all ; in all your charms together rise ;
 That all, in all your charms, I may despise,
 While I mount upward on a strong desire,
 Borne, like Elijah, in a car of fire.

In hopes of glory to be quite involv'd !
 To smile at death, to long to be dissolv'd !
 From our decays a pleasure to receive !
 And kindle into transport at a grave !
 What equals this ? and shall the victor now
 Boast the proud laurels on his loaded brow ?
 Religion ! oh, thou cherub ! heavenly bright !
 Oh ! joys unmix'd, and fathomless delight !
 Thou, thou art all ; nor find I in the whole
 Creation aught, but God and my own soul.

For ever then, my soul, thy God adore,
 Nor let the brute creation praise him more.
 Shall things inanimate my conduct blame,
 And flush my conscious cheek with spreading shame ?
 They all for him pursue, or quit their end ;
 The mounting flames their burning pow'r suspend ;

In solid heaps th' unfrozen billows stand,
 To rest and silence aw'd by his command :
 Nay, the dire monsters that infest the flood,
 By nature dreadful, and a-thirst for blood,
 His will can calm, their savage tempers bind,
 And turn to mild protectors of mankind.
 Did not the prophet this great truth maintain
 In the deep chambers of the gloomy main ;
 When darkness round him all its horrors spread,
 And the sea bellow'd o'er his sinking head ?

When now the thunder roars, the lightning flies,
 And all the warring winds tumultuous rise ;
 When now the foaming surges toss on high,
 Disclose the sands beneath, and touch the sky :
 When death draws near, mariners aghast
 Look back with terror on their actions past ;
 Their courage sickens into deep dismay,
 Their hearts thro' fear and anguish melt away ;
 Nor tears, nor pray'rs, the tempest can appease ;
 Now they devote their treasure to the seas ;
 Unload their shatter'd bark, tho' richly fraught,
 And think the hopes of life are cheaply bought,
 With gems and gold ; but oh, the storm so high ;
 Nor gems nor gold the hopes of life can buy.

The trembling prophet then, themselves to save,
 They headlong plunge into the briny wave ;
 Down he descends, and booming o'er his head
 The billows close ; he's number'd with the dead.

(Hear, O ye just! attend, ye virtuous few!
 And the bright paths of piety pursue.)
 Lo! the Great Ruler of the world, from high
 Looks smiling down with a propitious eye,
 Covers his servant with his gracious hand,
 And bids tempestuous nature silent stand;
 Commands the peaceful waters to give place,
 Or kindly fold him in a soft embrace:
 He bridles in the monsters of the deep,
 The bridled monsters awful distance keep;
 Forget their hunger, while they view their prey:
 And guiltless gaze, and round the stranger play.

But still arise new wonders; nature's Lord
 Sends forth into the deep his pow'rful word
 And calls the great leviathan; the great
 Leviathan attends in all his state;
 Exults for joy, and with a mighty bound
 Makes the sea shake, and heaven and earth resound:
 Blackens the waters with the rising sand,
 And drives vast billows to the distant land.

As yawns an earthquake, when imprison'd air,
 Struggles for vent, and lays the centre bare,
 The whale expands his jaw's enormous size,
 The prophet views the cavern with surprize;
 Measures his monstrous teeth afar descry'd,
 And rolls his wond'ring eyes from side to side;
 Then takes possession of the spacious seat,
 And sails secure within the dark retreat,

Now is he pleas'd the northern blast to hear,
 And hangs on liquid mountains void of fear,
 Or falls immerst'd into the deeps below,
 Where the dread silent waters never flow;
 To the foundations of the hills convey'd
 Dwells in the shelving mountain's dreadful shade:
 Where plummet never reached he draws breath,
 And glides serenely thro' the paths of death.

Two wond'rous days and nights thro' coral groves,
 Thro' labyrinths of rocks, and sands he roves:
 When the third morning with its level rays
 The mountain gilds, and on the billows plays,
 It sees the king of waters rise and pour
 His sacred guest uninjur'd on the shore:
 A type of that great blessing, which the muse
 In her next labour ardently pursues.

BOOK II.

*We hope, that the departed will rise again from
 the dust; after which, like the gods, they will be immortal.*

NOW man awakes, and from his silent bed,
 Where he has slept for ages, lifts his head;
 Shakes off the slumber of ten thousand years,
 And on the borders of new worlds appears.
 Whate'er the bold, the rash adventure cost,
 In wide eternity I dare be lost.

The muses wont in narrow bounds to sing,
 To teach the swain, or celebrate the king.
 I grasp the whole, no more to parts confin'd,
 I lift my voice, and sing to human kind :
 I sing to men and angels ; angels join,
 While such the theme, their sacred songs with mine.
 Again the trumpet's intermitted sound,
 Rolls the wide circuit of creation round,
 An universal concourse to prepare
 Of all that ever breath'd the vital air ;
 In some wide field, which active whirlwinds sweep,
 Drive cities, forests, mountains to the deep,
 To smooth and lengthen out th' unbounded space,
 And spread an area for all human race.

Now monuments prove faithful to their trust,
 And render back their long committed dust,
 Now charnels rattle ; scatter'd limbs, and all
 The various bones obsequious to the call,
 Self-mov'd advance ; the neck perhaps to meet
 The distant head, the distant legs, the feet.
 Dreadful to view, see through the dusky sky
 Fragments of bodies in confusion fly,
 To distant regions journeying there to claim
 Deserted members, and complete the frame.

When the world bow'd to Rome's almighty sword,
 Rome bow'd to Pompey, and confess'd her lord,
 Yet one day lost, this deity below,
 Became the scorn and pity of his foe,

His blood a traitor's sacrifice was made,
 And smok'd indignant on a ruffian's blade.
 No trumpet's sound, no gasping army's yell,
 Bid with due horror his great soul farewell.
 Obscure his fall! all welt'ring in his gore,
 His trunk was cast to perish on the shore!
 While Julius frown'd the bloody monster dead,
 Who brought the world in his great rival's head.
 This sever'd head and trunk shall join once more,
 Tho' realms now rise between, and oceans roar.
 The trumpet's sound each vagrant note shall hear,
 Or fix'd in earth, or if afloat in air,
 Obey the signal wafted in the wind,
 And not one sleeping atom lag behind.

So swarming bees, that on a summer's day
 In airy rings, and wild meanders play,
 Charm'd with the brazen sound, their wand'ring's end,
 And gently circling on a bough descend.
 The body thus renew'd, the conscious soul,
 Which has perhaps been flutt'ring near the pole,
 Or 'midst the burning planets wond'ring stray'd,
 Or hover'd o'er where her pale corpse was laid:
 Or rather coasted on her final state,
 And fear'd, or wish'd for her appointed fate:
 This soul returning with a constant flame,
 Now weds for ever her immortal frame.
 Life, which ran down before, so high is wound,
 The springs maintain an everlasting round.

Thus a frail model of the work design'd
 First takes a copy of the builder's mind,
 Before the structure firm with lasting oak,
 And marble bowels of the solid rock,
 Turns the strong arch, and bids the columns rise,
 And bear the lofty palace to the skies;
 The wrongs of time enabled to surpass,
 With bars of adamant, and ribs of brass.

That ancient, sacred, and illustrious dome,*
 Where soon or late fair Albion's heroes come.
 From camps, and courts, tho' great, and wise, and just,
 To feed the worm, and moulder into dust;
 That solemn mansion of the royal dead,
 Where passing over sleeping monarchs tread,
 Now populous o'erflows: a numerous race
 Of rising kings fill all th' extended space.
 A life well spent, not the victorious sword,
 Awards the crown, and files the greater lord.

Nor monuments alone and burial earth;
 Labour with man to this his second birth;
 But where gay palaces in pomp arise,
 And gilded theatres invade the skies,
 Nations shall wake, whose unrespected bones
 Support the pride of their luxurious sons.

The most magnificent and costly dome,
 Is but an upper chamber to a tomb.

* Westminster Abbey.

No spot on earth, but has supply'd a grave,
 And human skulls the spacious ocean pave,
 All's full of man, and at this dreadful turn,
 The swarm shall issue, and the hive shall burn.

Not all at once, nor in like manner rise;
 Some lift with pain their slow unwilling eyes:
 Shrink backward from the terror of the light,
 And bless the grave, and call for lasting night.
 Others, whose long attempted virtue flood
 Fix'd as a rock, and broke the rushing flood,
 Whose firm resolve, nor beauty could melt down,
 Nor raging tyrants from their posture frown:
 Such in this day of horrors shall be seen
 To face the thunders with a god-like mien,
 The planets drop, their thoughts are fix'd above:
 The centre shakes, their heads disdain to move;
 An earth dissolving, and a heav'n thrown wide,
 A yawning gulph, and fiends on ev'ry side,
 Serene the view, impatient of delay,
 And bless the dawn of everlasting day.
 Oh, wond'rous change! what unknown objects rise.
 Shake my belief, and fill me with surprize?
 Here, greatness prostrate falls, there strength gives place;
 Here, lazars smile, there, beauty hides her face.
 Christians, and Jews, and Turks, and Pagans stand,
 A blended throng, one undistinguish'd band,
 Some who perhaps by mutual wounds expir'd,
 With zeal for distinct persuasions fir'd,

In mutual friendship their long slumber break,
And hand in hand their Saviour's love partake.

But none are flush'd with brighter joy, or warm
With juster confidence enjoy the storm,
Than those, whose pious bounties unconfin'd
Have made them public fathers of mankind.
In that illustrious rank, what shining light
With such distinguish'd glory fills my sight?
Bend down, my grateful muse, that homage shew,
Which to such worthies thou art proud to owe.
Whickham! Fox! Chickley! hail, illustrious names*
Who to far distant times dispense your beams;
Beneath your shades, and near your crystal springs,
I first presum'd to touch the trembling strings.
All hail, thrice-honor'd! 'twas your great renown
To bless a people, and oblige a crown.
When other records length of years shall blast,
In your adopted sons your fame shall last,
And make those kings to latest ages known,
Those happy monarchs under whom you shone:
A moment shone, illustriously bright,
Then left the morning world, and set in night;
But now you rise eternally to shine,
Eternally to drink the rays divine.
Indulgent God! oh, how shall mortal raise
His soul to due returns of grateful praise,

* Founders of *New College*, *Corpus Christi*, and *All Souls*
in Oxford.

For bounty so profuse to human kind,
 Thy wond'rous gift of an eternal mind?
 Shall I, who some few years ago was less
 Than worm, or mite, or shadow can express,
 Was nothing : shall I live, when ev'ry fire
 Of ev'ry star shall languish or expire?
 When earth's no more, shall I survive above,
 And through the radiant files of angels move?
 Or as before the throne of God I stand,
 See new worlds rolling from his spacious hand.
 Where our adventures shall perhaps be taught,
 As we now tell how Michael sung or fought?
 All that has being in full concert join,
 And celebrate the depths of love divine?

But oh! before this blissful state, before
 Th' aspiring soul this wond'rous height can soar,
 The judge descending, thunders from afar,
 And all mankind is summon'd to the bar.

This mighty scene I next presume to draw :
 Attend great Anna with religious awe.
 Expect not here the known successful arts
 To win attention, and command our hearts;
 Fiction be far away, let no machine
 Descending here, no fabled god be seen;
 Behold the God of Gods indeed descend,
 And worlds unnumber'd his approach attend.

Lo! the wide theatre, whose ample space
 Must entertain the whole of human race.

At heav'n's all-powerful edict is prepar'd,
 And fenc'd' around with an immortal guard.
 Tribes, provinces, dominions, worlds o'erflow,
 The mighty plain, and deluge all below,
 And ev'ry age, and nation pours along;
 Nimrod and Bourdon mingle in the throng:
 Adam salutes his youngest son; no sign
 Of all those ages, which their birth disjoin.

How empty learning, and how vain is art,
 But as it mends the life, and guides the heart?
 What volumes have been swell'd, what time been spent,
 To fix a hero's birth-day or descent?
 What joy must it now yield, what raptures raise,
 To see the glorious race of ancient days?
 To greet those worthies, who perhaps have stood
 Illustrious on record before the flood?
 Alas! a nearer care your soul demands,
 Cæsar unnoted in your presence stands.

How vast the concourse, not in number more
 The waves that break on the resounding shore,
 The leaves that tremble in the shady grove,
 The lamps that gild the spangled vaults above.
 Those overwhelming armies, whose command
 Said to one empire, *Fall*; another, *:Stand*;
 Whose rear lay wrapt in night, while breaking dawn
 Rouz'd the broad front, and call'd the battle on:
 Great Xerxes' world in arms, proud Cannæ's fields,
 Where Carthage taught victorious Rome to yield.

(Another blow had broke the fate's decree,
 And earth had wanted her fourth monarchy.)
 Immortal Blenheim, fam'd Ramilla's host,
 They all are here, and here they all are lost.
 Their millions swell to be discern'd in vain,
 Lost as a billow in th' unbounded main.

This echoing voice now rends the yielding air,
 "For judgment, judgment, sons of men prepare!"
 Earth shakes anew, I hear her groans profound,
 And hell through all her trembling realms resound.

Whoe'er thou art, thou greatest pow'r of earth,
 Blest with most equal planets at thy birth;
 Whose valour drew the most successful sword,
 Most realms united in one common lord;
 Who on the day of triumph, saidst, "Be thine
 The skies, Jehovah, all the world is mine:"
 Dare not to lift thine eye—alas! my muse,
 How art thou lost? what numbers canst thou chuse.

A sudden blush inflames the waving sky,
 And now the crimson curtains open fly;
 Lo! far within, and far above all height,
 Where heav'n's great sov'reign reigns in worlds of light,
 Whence nature he informs, and with one ray
 Shot from his eye, does all her works survey,
 Creates, supports, confounds! where time and place,
 Matter and form, and fortune, life and grace,
 Wait humbly at the footstool of their God,
 And move obedient at his awful nod;

Whence he beholds us vagrant emmets crawl
 At random on this air-suspended ball,
 {Speck of creation} if he pour one breath,
 The bubble breaks, and 'tis eternal death.

Thence issuing I behold (but mortal sight
 Sustains not such a rushing sea of light!)
 I see on an empyreal flying throne
 Awfully rais'd, Heav'n's everlasting Son;
 Crown'd with that majesty, which form'd the world,
 And the grand rebel flaming downward hurl'd.
 Virtue, dominion, praise, omnipotence,
 Support the train of their triumphant Prince.
 A zone, beyond the thought of angels bright,
 Around him like the zodiac winds its light.
 Night shades the solemn arches of his brows,
 And in his cheek the purple morning glows.
 Where'er serene he turns propitious eyes,
 Or we expect, or find a paradise:
 But if resentment reddens their mild beams,
 The Eden kindles, and the world's in flames.
 On one hand, knowledge shines in purest light,
 On one, the sword of justice fiercely bright.
 Now bend the knee in sport, present the reed;
 Now tell the scourg'd impostor he shall bleed?

But oh! you sons of men, exalt your voice,
 And bid the soul through all her powers rejoice;
 Mercy, his darling, in his bosom found,
 Scatters ambrosial odours all around;

Unbends his brow, and mitigates his frown,
 And sooths his rage, and melts his thunders down.
 My thoughts are chang'd; now man exalt thine eye,
 In thy dread Judge thy dear Redeemer spy:
 Ev'n Judas struggles his despair to quell;
 Hope almost blossoms in the shades of hell.
 Thus glorious through the courts of heav'n, the source
 Of life and death eternal bends his course;
 Loud thunders round him roll, and lightnings play;
 Th' angelic host is rang'd in bright array:
 Some touch the string, some strike the sounding shell
 And mingling voices with rich concert swell;
 Voices seraphic; blest with such a strain,
 Cou'd Satan hear, he were a god again:
 All heav'n shines forth, in all her pomp compleat,
 For God, himself, magnificently great.
 Triumphant King of glory! Soul of bliss?
 What a stupendous turn of fate is this!
 Oh! whither art thou rais'd above the scorn?
 And indigence of him, in Bethlem born;
 A needy, helpless, unaccounted guest,
 And but a second to the fodder'd beast?
 How chang'd from him, who meekly prostrate laid,
 Vouchsaf'd to wash the feet himself had made?
 From him, who was betray'd, forsook, deny'd,
 Wept, languish'd, pray'd, bled, thirsted, groan'd, and
 dy'd;
 Hung pierc'd and bare, insulted by the foe,
 All heav'n in tears above, earth unconcern'd below?

And was't enough to bid the sun retire?
 Why did not nature at thy groan expire?
 I see, I hear, I feel the pangs divine,
 The world is vanish'd, I am wholly thine.

Mistaken Caiphas, ah! which blasphem'd,
 Thou or thy prisoner? which shall be condemn'd?
 Well might'st thou rend thy garments, well exclaim;
 Deep are the horrors of eternal flame!
 But God is good! 'tis wond'rous all! ev'n he
 Thou gav'st to death, shame, torture, dy'd for thee.

Now the descending triumph stops its flight
 From earth full twice a planetary height.
 There all the clouds condens'd, two columns rise,
 Distinct with orient veins, and golden blaze.
 One fix'd on earth, and one in sea, and round
 Its ample foot the swelling billows sound.
 These an immeasurable arch support,
 The grand tribunal of his awful court.
 Sheets of bright azure from the purest sky,
 Stream from the crystal arch, and round the columns fly,
 Death wrapt in chains low at the basis lies,
 And on the point of his own arrow dies.

Here high enthron'd th' Eternal Judge is plac'd,
 With all the grandeur of his Godhead grac'd;
 Stars on his robes in beauteous order meet,
 And the sun burns beneath his dreadful feet.

Now an archangel eminently bright,
 From off his silver staff of wond'rous height,

Unfurls the Christian flag, which waving flies,
 And shuts and opens more than half the skies :
 The cross so strong a red, it shades a slain,
 Where'er it floats, on earth, in air, or main :
 Flushes the hill, and sets on fire the wood,
 And turns the deep dꝝ'd ocean into blood.

Oh, formidable glory ! dreadful bright ?
 Refulgent torture to the guilty sight.
 Ah ! turn, unwary muse, nor dare reveal
 What horrid thoughts with the polluted dwell.
 Say not (to make the sun shrink in his beam)
 Dare not affirm they wish it all a dream :
 Wish, or their souls may with their limbs decay,
 Or God be spoil'd of his eternal sway.
 But rather, if thou know'st the means, unfold
 How they with transport may the scene behold.

Ah how ! but by repentance, by a mind
 Quick, and severe its own offence to find ?
 By tears, and groans, and never-ceasing care,
 And all the pious violence of pray'r ?
 Thus then with fervency till now unknown,
 I cast my heart before th' eternal throne,
 In this great temple, which the skies surround
 For homage to its Lord, a narrow bound.

“ O thou ! whose balance does the mountains weigh,
 Whose will the wild tumultuous seas obey,
 Whose breath can turn those wat'ry worlds to flame,
 That flame to tempest, and that tempest tame ;

Earth's meanest son, with trembling, prostrate falls,
And on the plenty of thy goodness calls.

Ah! give the winds all past offence to sweep,
To scatter wide, and bury in the deep:
Thy pow'r, my weakness may I ever see,
And wholly dedicate my soul to thee.
Reign o'er my will; my passions ebb and flow
At thy command, nor human motive know!
If anger boil, let anger be my praise,
And sin the graceful indignation raise.
My love be warm to succour the distress'd,
And lift the burden from the soul oppress'd.

Oh! may my understanding ever read
This glorious volume, which thy wisdom made!
Who decks the maiden spring with flow'ry pride?
Who calls forth summer, like a sparkling bride?
Who joys the mother autumn's bed to crown?
And bids old winter lay her honors down?
Not the great Ottoman, or greater Czar,
Not Europe's arbitress of peace and war.
May sea and land, and earth and heav'n be join'd,
To bring th' Eternal Author to my mind.
When oceans roar, or awful thunders roll,
May thoughts of thy dread vengeance shake my soul;
When earth's in bloom, or planets proudly shine,
Adore, my heart, the Majesty Divine.
Thro' ev'ry scene of life, or peace, or war,
Plenty, or want, thy glory be my care!

Shine we in arms? or sing beneath our vine?
 Thine is the vintage, and the conquest thine:
 Thy pleasure points the shaft, and bends the bow;
 The cluster blasts, or bids it richly flow;
 'Tis thou that leads our profile armies forth,
 And giv'st great Anne thy sceptre o'er the north.

Grant I may ever at the morning ray,
 Open with pray'r the consecrated day:
 Tune thy great praise, and bid my soul arise,
 And with the mounting sun ascend the skies;
 As that advances, let my zeal improve,
 And glow with ardour of consummate love;
 Nor cease at eve, but with the setting sun
 My endless worship shall be still begun.

And, oh! permit the gloom of solemn night,
 To sacred thought may forcibly invire,
 When this world's shut, and awful planets rise,
 Call on our minds, and raise them to the skies;
 Compose our souls with a less dazzling light,
 And shew all nature in a milder light;
 How every boisterous thought in calms subsides!
 How the smooth'd spirit into goodness glides;
 Oh! how divine, to tread the milky way,
 To the bright palace of the Lord of day;
 His court admire, or for his favor sue,
 Or leagues of friendship with his saints renew;
 Pleas'd to look down; and see the world asleep,
 While I long vigils to its founder keep.

Canst thou not shake the centre? oh! controul,
 Subdue by force the rebel in my soul:
 Thou, who can still the raging of the flood,
 Restrain the various tumults of my blood;
 Teach me with equal firmness to sustain
 Alluring pleasure, and assaulding pain.
 Oh! may I pant for thee in each desire!
 And with strong faith foment the holy fire!
 Stretch out my soul in hope, and grasp the prize,
 Which in eternity's deep bosom lies!
 At the great day of recompense behold,
 Devoid of fear, the fatal book unfold!
 Then waded upward to the blissful seat,
 From age to age my grateful song repeat;
 My light, my life, my God, my Saviour see,
 And rival angels in the praise of thee."

BOOK III.

*Esse quoque in fatis reminiscitur affore tempus,
 Quo mare, quo tellus, correptaque regia cæli
 Ardeat, et mundi moles operosa labore.*

OVID.

THE unfolding, the resplendent seat
 Of saints and angels, tremendous fate
 Of guilty souls, the gloomy realms of woe,
 And all the horrors of the world below,

I next presume to sing : what yet remains
 Demands my last, but most exalted strains.
 And let the muse or now affect the sky,
 Or in inglorious shades for ever lye.
 She kindles, she's inflam'd so near the goal;
 She mounts, she gains upon the starry pole;
 The world grows less as she pursues her flight,
 And the sun darkens to her distant sight.
 Heav'n opening all its sacred pomp displays,
 And overwhelms her with the rushing blaze!
 The triumph rings! archangels shout around!
 And echoing nature lengthens out the sound!

Ten thousand trumpets now at once advance;
 Now deepest silence lulls the wide expanse:
 So deep the silence, and so strong the blast,
 As nature dy'd, when she had groan'd her last.
 Nor man, nor angel moves; the Judge on high
 Looks round, and with his glory fills the sky;
 Then on the fatal book his hand he lays,
 When high to view supporting seraphs raise;
 In solemn form the rituals are prepar'd,
 The seal is broken, and a groan is heard.
 Nor guilty fear, nor fancy's self can draw
 A meeting more august, of greater awe.
 And thou, my soul, (oh! fall to sudden pray'r,
 And let the thought sink deep!) shalt thou be there?

See on the left, (for by the great command
 The throng divided falls on either hand)

How weak, how pale, how haggard, how obscene,
 What more than death, in every face and mien !
 With what distress, and glarings of affright,
 They shock the heart, and turn away the sight ?
 In gloomy orbs their trembling eye-balls roll,
 And tell the horrid secrets of the soul.
 Each gesture mourns, each look is black with care,
 And ev'ry groan is laden with despair.
 Reader, if guilty, spare the muse, and find
 A truer image pictur'd in thy mind.

Shouldst thou behold thy brother, father, wife,
 And all the soft companions of thy life,
 Whose blended int'rests levell'd at one aim,
 Whose mix'd desires sent up one common flame,
 Divided far ; thy wretched self alone
 Cast on the left, of all whom thou hast known ;
 How wou'd it wound ? what millions wou'd'st thou give
 For one more trial, one day more to live ?
 Flung back in time an hour, a moment's space,
 To grasp with eagerness the means of grace ;
 Contend for mercy with a pious rage,
 And in that moment to redeem an age ?
 Drive back the tide, suspend a storm in air
 Restrain the sun ; but still of this despair.

Mark on the right, how amiable a grace !
 Their Maker's image fresh in ev'ry face !
 What purple bloom my ravish'd soul admires,
 And their eyes sparkling with immortal fires !

Triumphant beauty ! charms that rise above
 This world, and in blest angels kindle love !
 To the great Judge with holy pride they turn,
 And dare behold th' Almighty's anger burn ;
 Its flash sustain, against its terror rise,
 And on the dread tribunal fix their eyes.
 Are these the forms that moulder'd in the dust ?
 O the transcendent glory of the just !
 Yet still some thin remains of fear and doubt,
 Th' infected brightness of their joy pollute.

Thus the chaste bridegroom, when the priest draws nigh
 Beholds his blessing with a trembling eye,
 Feels doubtful passions throb in every vein,
 And in his cheeks are mingled joy and pain,
 Lest still some intervening chance should rise,
 Leap forth at once, and snatch the glorious prize,
 In flame his woe, by bringing it so late,
 And stab him in the crisis of his fate.

Since Adam's family, from first to last,
 Now into one distinct survey is cast.
 Look round, vain-glorious muse, and you whoe'er
 Devote yourselves to fame, and think her fair,
 Look round, and view the lights of human race,
 Whose shining acts time's brightest annals grace ;
 Who founded sects, crowns conquer'd, or resign'd ;
 Gave names to nations ; or sam'd empires join'd ;
 Who rais'd the vale, and laid the mountain low ;
 And taught obedient rivers where to flow ;

Who with vast fleets, as with a mighty chain,
 Cou'd bind the madness of the roaring main :
 All lost ! all undistinguish'd ! no where found !
 How will this truth in Bourbon's palace sound !
 Round gilded roofs how heavy will it fly ?
 With what a weight on crowns and sceptres lye ?
 E'en great and good Augustus is not seen,
 For haughty Babylon's victorious queen.
 What then is he, * who 'midst the radiant bands
 Of spotless saints, and laurell'd martyrs stands.
 Conspicuous from afar ? whose rays so bright
 Solicit, and attract the ravish'd sight ;
 In whom I see two distant virtues join'd,
 A royal greatness, and an humble mind ;
 His lifted hands his lofty neck surround,
 To hide the scarlet of a circling wound ;
 Th' almighty Judge bends forward from his throne,
 These scars to mark, and then regards his own.
 Jerusalem's foundations groan aloud,
 And Albion sinks beneath her ambient cloud.

Not far, methinks, I kindred features trace
 In a majestic, tho' a female face,
 Her consort by ; around them smiling move
 The beauteous blossoms of their fruitful love :
 Known of their parents, they their parents know ;
 Their bosoms with a double transport glow ;

* King CHARLES I.

Blest in themselves, but more than blest to find
All held most dear in equal blessing join'd.

In one, superior majesty appears,
Advanc'd in beauty, as advanc'd in years.

What melting sweetness, what commanding grace
Meet on his brow, like victory and peace?

Oh! to what fav'rite part of human kind

Was this so great, but dang'rous gift design'd?

What nation humbly could enjoy his reign;

If lost, with patience such a loss sustain?

Ah! say Britannia, whence this vengeance flow'd,
Hast thou not yet aton'd thy martyr's blood?

Edward's and Henry's still aloud resound?

Now are their names in greater Glo'ster drown'd;

Oh! what a godlike race in him is lost?

What has his death e'en future ages cost?

But us'd with art, and rightly understood,

All dispensations from above are good:

And though with frightful aspect they surprise,

Most ills are only blessings in disguise.

Oh! happy issue, to whom ne'er was known

The bright temptations sparkling from a throne;

Great parents! who those bright temptations knew,

Knowing engag'd, engaging overthrew.

Now, just reward! celestial crowns enclose

With deathless glories your victorious brows.

For see the volume vast, since time begun

Just register of all beneath the sun,

Is thrown full wide; peace ocean! silence lull
 The founding winds! ye spheres forbear to roll!
 Hear, O creation, thy great Master speak!
 Now first for guilty man blest angels shake.

That hour, on which th' Almighty King on high
 From all eternity has fix'd his eye,
 Whether his right hand favor'd, or annoy'd,
 Continu'd, alter'd, threaten'd, or destroy'd,
 Southern or eastern sceptre downward hurl'd,
 Gave north or west dominion o'er the world;
 The point of time, for which the world was built,
 For which the blood of God himself was spilt,
 That dreadful moment is arriv'd.

Aloft, the seats of blifs their pomp display,
 Brighter than brightness, the distinguish'd day;
 Less glorious, when of old th' Eternal Son
 From realms of night return'd with trophies won;
 Thro' heav'n's high gates, when he triumphant rode,
 And shouting angels hail'd the victor, God.
 Horrors beneath, darkness in darkness, hell
 Of hell, where torments behind torments dwell;
 A furnace formidable, deep and wide,
 O'erboiling with a mad sulphurous tide,
 Expands its jaws, most dreadful to survey,
 And roars outrageous for the destin'd prey,
 The son of light scarce unappall'd looks down,
 And nearer presfs heav'n's everlasting throne.

Such is the scene, and one short moment's space
 Concludes the hopes and fears of human race.
 Proceed who dares, I tremble as I write ;
 The whole creation swims before my sight :
 I see, I see the Judge's frowning brow ;
 Say 'tis not distant, I behold it now ;
 I faint, my tardy blood forgets to flow,
 My soul recoils at the stupendous woe ;
 That woe, those pangs, which from the guilty breast
 In these, or words like these, shall be express :

“ Who burst the barriers of my peaceful grave ?
 Ah ! cruel death, that would no longer save,
 But grudg'd me e'en that narrow dark abode,
 And cast me out into the wrath of God ;
 Where shrieks, the roaring flame, the rattling chain
 And all the dreadful eloquence of pain,
 Our only song ; black fire's malignant light,
 The sole refreshment of the blasted sight.

“ Must all those pow'rs, heav'n gave me to supply
 My soul with pleasure, and bring in my joy,
 Rise up in arms against me, join the foe,
 Sense, reason, memory, increase my woe ?
 And shall my voice, ordain'd on hymns to dwell,
 Corrupt to groans, and blow the fires of hell ?
 Oh ! must I look with terror on my gain,
 And with existence only measure pain ?
 What ! no reprieve, no least indulgence giv'n,
 No beam of hope from any point of heav'n ?

Ah! mercy, mercy; art thou dead above?
Is love extinguish'd in the source of love?

“ Bold that I am, did heav'n stoop down to hell?
Th' expiring Lord of Life my ransom seal?
Have I not been industrious to provoke?
From his embraces obstinately broke?
Pursu'd, and panted for his mortal hate,
Earn'd my destruction, labour'd out my fate?
And dare I on extinguish'd love exclaim?
Take, take full vengeance, rouse the slack'ning flame.
Just is my lot—but, oh! must it transcend
The reach of time, despair, a distant end?
With dreadful growth shoot forward, and arise
Where thought can't follow, and bold fancy dies!

“ Never! where falls the soul at that dread sound?
Down an abyss how dark, and how profound?
Down, down, (I still am falling, horrid pain!)
Ten thousand thousand fathoms still remain;
My plunge but still begun, and this for sin?
Cou'd I offend, if I had never been,
But still increas'd the senseless happy mass,
Flow'd in the stream, or flourish'd in the grass?
Father of mercies! why from silent earth
Didst thou awake, and curse me into birth?
Tear me from quiet, ravish me from night?
And make a thankless present of thy light?
Push into being a reverse of thee,
And animate a clod with misery?

“ The beasts are bappy, they come forth and keep
Short watch on earth, and then lye down to sleep.

Pain is for man; and oh! how vast a pain
For crimes, which made the Godhead bleed in vain?

Stifled his groans, as far as in them lay,
And flung his agonies, and death away?

As our dire punishment for ever strong,
Our constitution too for ever young,

Curs'd with returns of vigour, still the same,
Powerful to bear and satisfy the flame;

Still to be caught, and still to be pursu'd!
To perish still, and still to be renew'd!

“ And this my help! my God! at thy decree?
Nature is chang'd, and hell should succour me.

And canst thou then look down from perfect bliss,
And see me plunging in the dark abyss,

Calling thee Father in a sea of fire,
Or pouring blasphemies at thy desire?

With mortal's anguish wilt thou raise thy name,
And by my pangs omnipotence proclaim?

“ Thou who canst toss the planets to and fro,
Contract not thy vengeance to my woe;

Crush worlds; in hotter flames fall'n angels lay;
On me almighty wrath is cast away.

Call back thy thunders, Lord, hold in thy rage,
Nor with a speck of wretchedness engage:

Forget me quite, nor sloop a worm to blame,
But lose me in the greatness of thy name.

Thou art all love, all mercy, all divine,
 And shall I make those glories cease to shine ?
 Shall sinful man grow great by his offence,
 And from its course turn back omnipotence ?

“ Forbid it ! and oh ! grant, great God, at least
 This one, this slender, almost no request ;
 When I have wept a thousand lives away,
 When torment is grown weary of its prey,
 When I have rav’d ten thousand years in fire,
 Ten thousand thousands, let me then expire.”

Deep anguish ! but too late ; the hopeless soul,
 Bound to the bottom of the burning pool,
 Though loth, and every loud blaspheming owns
 He’s justly doom’d to pour eternal groans ;
 Enclos’d with horrors, and transfix’d with pain,
 Rolling in vengeance, struggling with his chain :
 To talk to fiery tempests, to implore
 The raging flame to give its burning o’er,
 To tofs, to writhe, to pant beneath his load,
 And bear the weight of an offended God.

The favor’d of their Judge in triumph move
 To take possession of the thrones above ;
 Satan’s accurs’d desertion to supply,
 And fill the vacant stations of the sky ;
 Again to kindle long extinguish’d rays,
 And with new lights dilate the heav’nly blaze ;
 To crop the roses of immortal youth,
 And drink the fountain-head of sacred truth ;

To swim in seas of bliss, to strike the string,
 And lift the voice to their Almighty King;
 To lose eternity in grateful lays,
 And fill heav'n's wide circumference with praise.

But I attempt the wond'rous height in vain,
 And leave unfinish'd the too lofty strain:
 What boldly I begin, let others end;
 My strength exhausted, fainting I descend,
 And chuse a less, but no ignoble theme,
 Dissolving elements, and worlds in flame.

The fatal period, the great hour is come,
 And nature shrinks at her approaching doom;
 Loud peals of thunder give the sign, and all
 Heav'n's terrors in array surround the ball;
 Sharp lightnings with the meteors blaze conspire,
 And darted downward set the world on fire;
 Black rising clouds the thicken'd æther choke,
 And spiry flames shoot thro' the rolling smoke,
 With keen vibrations cut the sullen night,
 And strike the darken'd sky with dreadful light;
 From heav'n's four regions, with immortal force,
 Angels drive on the winds impetuous course,
 To enrage the flame; it spreads, it soars on high,
 Swells in the storm, and billows through the sky.
 Here winding pyramids of fire ascend,
 Cities and desarts in the ruin blend;
 Here blazing volumes waisted overwhelm
 The spacious face of a far distant realm:

There, undermin'd, down rush eternal hills,
The neighb'ring vales the vast destruction fills.

Hearst thou that dreadful crack, that sound which
broke

Like peals of thunder, and the centre shook ?
What wonders must that groan of nature tell ?
Olympus there, and mightier Atlas fell ;
Which seem'd above the reach of fate to stand,
A tow'ring monument of God's right hand ;
Now dust and smoke, whose brow so lately spread
O'er shelter'd countries its diffusive shade.

High 'midst the clouds the boiling ocean roars,
And looks far down on his decreasing shores ;
Leviathans in plaintive thunder cry,
In distant dismal pants the long-liv'd echoes die.

Shew me that celebrated spot, where all
The various rulers of the sever'd ball
Have humbly sought wealth, honor, and redress,
That land which heav'n seem'd diligent to bless.
Once call'd Britannia ; can her glories end ?
And can't surrounding seas her realms defend ?
Alas ! in flames behold surrounding seas !
And all their waters but augment the blaze.
Some angel say, where ran proud Asia's bound,
Or where with fruits was fair Europa crown'd ?
Where stretch'd waste Lybia ; where did India's store
Sparkle in diamonds, and her golden ore ?
Each lost in each, their mingling kingdoms glow,
And all dissolv'd, one fiery deluge flow :

Thus earth's contending monarchies are join'd,
And a full period of ambition find.

And now whate'er or swims, or walks, or flies,
Inhabitants of sea, of earth, or skies;
All on whom Adam's wisdom fix'd a name,
All plunge, and perish in the conquering flame.

This globe alone would but defraud the fire,
Starve its devouring rage: the flakes aspire,
And catch the clouds, and make the heav'n's their prey;
The sun, the moon, the stars all melt away,
And leave a mighty blank; involv'd in flame,
The whole creation sinks! the glorious frame,
In which ten thousand worlds, in radiant dance,
Orb above orb their wond'rous course advance,
By that o'er-ruling hand, which kindled all
The stars, and rounded in its palm the ball,
Is crush'd and lost; no monument, no sign,
Where'once so proudly blaz'd the gay machine.
So bubbles on the foaming stream expire,
So sparks that scatter from the kindling fire;
The devastations of one dreadful hour,
The great Creator's six days work devour.

How rich that God who can such charge defray,
And bear to fling ten thousand worlds away?
Great wealth! and yet (ye nations hear!) one soul
Has more to boast, and far outweighs the whole;
Exalted in superior excellence,
Casts down to nothing, such a vast expence.

Have ye not seen th' eternal mountains nod,
 An earth dissolving, a descending God?
 What strange surprises through all nature ran?
 For whom these revolutions, but for man?
 For him omnipotence new measures takes,
 For him through all eternity awakes;
 Pours on him gifts sufficient to supply
 Heav'n's loss, and with fresh glories fill the sky.

Think deeply then, O man, how great thou art,
 Pay thyself homage with a trembling heart;
 What angels guard, no longer dare neglect,
 Slighting thyself, affront not God's respect.
 Enter the sacred temple of thy breast,
 And gaze, and wander there a ravish'd guest;
 Gaze on these hidden treasures, thou shalt find,
 Wander thro' all the glories of thy mind,
 Of perfect knowledge, see, the dawning light
 Foretels a noon most exquisitely bright!
 Here, springs of endless joy are breaking forth!
 There, buds the promise of celestial worth!
 Worth, which must ripen in a happier clime,
 And brighter sun, beyond the bounds of time.
 Thou, minor, canst not guess thy vast estate,
 What stores, on foreign coasts thy landing wait.
 Lose not thy claim, let virtue's paths be trod;
 Thus glad all heav'n, and please that bounteous God,
 Who, to light thee to pleasures, hung on high
 Yon radiant orb, proud regent of the sky:

That service done, its beams shall fade away,
And God shine forth in one Eternal Day.

V A N I T Y.

By Dr. YOUNG.

OH the dark days of vanity! while here,
How tasteless! and how terrible when gone!
Gone! they ne'er go; when past, they haunt us still:
The spirit walks of every day deceas'd;
And smiles an angel, or a fury frowns.
Nor death nor life delight us. If time past
And time possess both pain us, what can please?
That which the Deity to please ordain'd,
Time us'd. The man who consecrates his hours
By vig'rous effort, and an honest aim,
At once he draws the sling of life and death;
He walks with nature, and her paths are peace.

SAPPHO TO PHAON.

By *ALEXANDER POPE.*

PHAON, a youth of exquisite beauty, was deeply enamoured of SAPPHO, a lady of Lesbos, from whom he met with the tenderest returns of passion: but his affection afterwards decaying, he left her, and sailed for Sicily. She, unable to bear the loss of her lover, hearkened to all the mad suggestions of despair; and seeing no other remedy for her present miseries, resolved to throw herself into the sea, from Leucate, a promontory of Epirus; which was thought a cure in cases of obstinate love, and therefore had obtained the name of the *Lover's Leap*. But before she ventured on this last step, entertaining still some fond hopes that she might be able to reclaim her inconstant, she wrote him this epistle; in which she gives a strong picture of her distress and misery, occasioned by his absence; and endeavours, by all the artful insinuations, and moving expressions she is mistress of, to soothe him to softness and a mutual feeling.

SAY, lovely youth, that dost my heart command,
Can Phaon's eye forget his Sappho's hand?
Must then her name the wretched writer prove,
To thy remembrance lost, as to thy love?
Ask not the cause that I new numbers chuse,
The lute neglected, and the lyric muse;
Love taught my tears in sadder notes to flow,
And tun'd my heart to elegies of woe.
I burn, I burn, as when thro' ripen'd corn,
By driving winds the spreading flames are borne!

Phaon to Etna's scorching fields retires,
 While I consume with more than Etna's fires !
 No more my soul a charm in music finds ;
 Music alone has charms for peaceful minds.
 Soft scenes of solitude no more can please,
 Love enters there, and I'm my own disease,
 No more the Lesbian dames my passion move,
 Once the dear objects of my guilty love ;
 All other loves are lost in only thine,
 Ah youth ! ungrateful to a flame like mine !
 Whom would not all those blooming charms surprise,
 Those heav'nly looks, and dear deluding eyes ?
 The harp and bow would you like Phœbus bear,
 A brighter Phœbus Phaon might appear ;
 Would you with ivy wreath your flowing hair,
 Not Bacchus' self with Phaon could compare :
 Yet Phœbus lov'd, and Bacchus felt the flame ;
 One Daphne warm'd, and one the Cretan dame :
 Nymphs that in verse nor more could rival me,
 Than ev'n those gods contend in charms with thee,
 The muses teach me all their softest lays,
 And the wide world resound with Sappho's praise,
 Tho' great Alcæus more sublimely sings,
 And strikes with bolder rage the sounding strings,
 No less renown attends the moving lyre,
 Which Venus tunes, and all her loves inspire,
 To me what nature has in charms deny'd,
 Is well by wit's more lasting flames supply'd,

Though short my stature, yet my name extends
To heav'n itself, and earth's remotest ends.

Brown as I am, an Ethiopian dame,
Inspir'd young Perseus with a gen'rous flame :
Turtles and doves of diff'rent hues unite,
And glossy jet is pair'd with shining white.

If to no charms thou wilt thy heart resign,
But such as merit, such as equal thine,
But none, alas! by none thou canst be mov'd ;
Phaon alone by Phaon must be lov'd !

Yet once thy Sappho could thy cares employ,
Once in her arms you center'd all your joy :
No time the dear remembrance can remove,
For oh ! how vast a memory has love ?

My music, then, you could for ever hear,
And all my words were music to your ear.
You stopp'd with kisses my enchanting tongue,
And found my kisses sweeter than my song.
In all I pleas'd, but most in what was best ;
And the last joy was dearer than the rest.

Then with each word, each glance, each motion fir'd,
You still enjoy'd, and yet you still desir'd,
'Till all dissolving in the trance we lay,
And in tumultuous raptures dy'd away.

The fair Sicilians now thy soul inflame :
Why was I born, ye gods, a Lesbian dame ?
But ah ! beware, Sicilian nymphs ! nor boast
That wand'ring heart which I so lately lost ;

Nor be with all those tempting words abus'd,
 Those tempting words were all to Sappho us'd.
 And you that rule Sicilia's happy plains,
 Have pity, Venus, on your poet's pains!
 Shall fortune still in one sad tenor run,
 And still encrease the woes so soon begun?
 Inur'd to sorrow from my tender years,
 My parent's ashes drank my early tears:
 My brother next, neglecting wealth and fame,
 Ignobly burnt in a destructive flame:
 An infant daughter late my griefs increas'd,
 And all a mother's cares distract my breast.
 Alas! what more could fate itself impose,
 But thee, the last and greatest of my woes?
 No more my robes in waving purple flow,
 Nor on my hand the sparkling diamonds glow;
 No more my locks, in ringlets curl'd diffuse
 The costly sweetness of Arabian dews,
 Nor braids of gold the vary'd tresses bind,
 That fly disorder'd with the wanton wind.
 For whom should Sappho use such arts as these?
 He's gone, whom only she desir'd to please!
 Cupid's light darts my tender bosom move,
 Still is there cause for Sappho still to love:
 So from my birth the sisters fix'd my doom,
 And gave to Venus all my life to come;
 For, while my muse in melting notes complains,
 My yielding heart keeps measure to my strains.

By charms like thine, which all my soul have won,
 Who might not, ah ! who would not be undone ?
 For those Aurora Cephalus might scorn,
 And with fresh blushes paint the conscious morn.
 For those might Cynthia lengthen Phaon's sleep,
 And bid Endymion nightly tend his sheep.
 Venus for those had rapt thee to the skies,
 But Mars on thee might look with Venus' eyes.
 O scarce a youth, yet scarce a tender boy ?
 O useful time for lovers to employ !
 Pride of thy age, and glory of thy race,
 Come to these arms, and melt in this embrace !
 The vows you never will return, receive ;
 And take at least the love you will not give.
 See, while I write, my words are lost in tears !
 The less my sense, the more my love appears.
 Sure 'twas not much to bid one kind adieu,
 (At least to feign was never hard to you ;)
 Farewel, my Lesbian love, you might have said ;
 Or coldly thus : Farewel, oh ! Lesbian maid.
 No tear did you, no parting kiss receive,
 Nor knew I then how much I was to grieve.
 No lover's gift your Sappho could confer,
 And wrongs and woes were all you left with her.
 No charge I gave you, and no charge could give,
 But this : " Be mindful of our loves, and live."

Now by the nine, those pow'rs ador'd by me,
 And love, the god that ever waits on thee,

When first I heard (from whom I hardly knew)
 That you were fled, and all my joys with you,
 Like some sad statue, speechless, pale, I stood,
 Grief chill'd my breast, and stopp'd my freezing blood;
 No sigh to rise, no tear had pow'r to flow,
 Fix'd in a stupid lethargy of woe:
 But, when its way th' impetuous passion found,
 I rend my tresses, and my breast I wound;
 I rave, then weep; I curse, and then complain;
 Now swell to rage, now melt in tears again.
 Not fiercer pangs distract the mournful dame,
 When first born infant feeds the fun'ral flame.
 My scornful brother with a smile appears,
 Insults my woes, and triumphs in my tears:
 His hated image ever haunts my eyes,
 And, "Why this grief? thy daughter lives," he cries.
 Stung with my love, and furious with despair,
 All torn my garments, and my bosom bare,
 My woes, thy crimes, I to the world proclaim;
 Such inconsistent things are love and shame!
 'Tis thou art all my care, and my delight.
 My daily longing, and my dream by night:
 Oh! night more pleasing than the brightest day,
 When fancy gives what absence takes away,
 And, dress'd in all its visionary charms
 Restores my fair deserter to my arms!
 Then round your neck in wanton wreaths I twine;
 Then you, methinks, as fondly circle mine:

A thousand tender words I hear and speak :
 A thousand melting kisses give and take :
 Then fiercer joys, I blush to mention these,
 Yet, while I blush, confess how much they please.
 But when, with day, the sweet delusions fly,
 And all things wake to life and joy, but I,
 As if once more forsaken, I complain,
 And close my eyes to dream of you again :
 Then frantic rise, or like some fury rove
 Thro' lonely plains, and thro' the silent grove,
 As if the silent grove, and lonely plains,
 That knew my pleasures, could relieve my pains,
 I view the grotto, once the scene of love,
 The rock around, the hanging roofs above,
 That charm'd me more, with native moss o'ergrown,
 Than Phrygian marble, or the Parian stone.
 I find the shades that veil'd our joys before ;
 But, Phaon gone, those shades delight no more.
 Here the press'd herbs with bending tops betray
 Where oft entwin'd in am'rous folds we lay ;
 I kiss that earth which once was press'd by you,
 And all with tears the with'ring herbs bedew.
 For thee the fading trees appear to mourn,
 And birds defer their songs till thy return :
 Night shades the groves, and all in silence lye,
 All but the mournful Philomel and I :
 With mournful Philomel I join my strain,
 Of Tereus she, of Phaon I complain.

A spring there is, whose silver waters show,
 Clear as a glass, the shining sands below :
 A flow'ry lotos spreads its arms above,
 Shades all the banks, and seems itself a grove ;
 Eternal greens the mossy margin grace,
 Watch'd by the sylvan genius of the place,
 Here as I lay, and swell'd with tears the flood :
 Before my sight a wat'ry virgin flood :
 She flood, and cry'd, " O you that love in vain !
 Fly hence, and seek the fair Leucadian main,
 There stands a rock, from whose impending sleep
 Apollo's fane surveys the rolling deep ;
 There injur'd lovers, leaping from above,
 Their flames extinguish, and forget to love.
 Deucalion once with hopeless fury burn'd,
 In vain he lov'd, relentless Pyrrha scorn'd :
 But when from hence he plung'd into the main,
 Deucalion scorn'd, and Pyrrha lov'd in vain.
 Haste, Sappho, haste, from high Leucadia throw
 Thy wretched weight, nor dread the deeps below !"
 She spoke, and vanish'd with the voice, I rise,
 And silent tears fall trickling from my eyes.
 I go, ye nymphs ! those rocks and seas to prove :
 How much I fear ! but ah, how much I love !
 I go, ye nymphs, where furious love inspires ;
 Let female fears submit to female fires :
 To rocks and seas I fly from Phaon's hate,
 And hope from rocks and seas a milder fate.

Ye gentle gales, beneath my body blow,
 And gently lay me on the waves below !
 And thou, kind love, my sinking limbs sustain,
 Spread thy soft wings, and waft me o'er the main,
 Nor let a lovers's death the guiltless flood prophane !
 On Phœbus' shrine my harp I'll then bestow,
 And this inscription shall be plac'd below.

“ Here she who sung, to him that did inspire,
 Sappho to Phœbus consecrates her lyre ;
 What suits with Sappho, Phœbus suits with thee :
 The gift, the giver, and the god agree.”

But why, alas ! relentless youth, ah ! why
 To distant seas must tender Sappho fly ?

The charms than those may far more pow'rful be,
 And Phœbus' self is less a god to me.

Ah ! canst thou doom me to the rocks and sea,

O far more faithless and more hard than they ?

Ah ! canst thou rather see this tender breast

Dash'd on these rocks than to thy bosom press ?

This breast, which once, in vain ! you lik'd so well ;

Where the loves play'd, and where the muses dwell.

Alas ! the muses now no more inspire,

Untun'd my lute, and silent is my lyre :

My languid numbers have forgot to flow,

And fancy sinks beneath a weight of woe.

Ye Lesbian virgins, and ye Lesbian dames,

Themes of my verse, and objects of my flames,

No more your groves with my glad song shall ring,

No more these hands shall touch the trembling string :

My Phaon's fled, and I those arts resign;
 (Wretch that I am, to call that Phaon mine!
 Return, fair youth,, return, and bring along
 Joy to my soul, and vigour to my song.
 Absent from thee, the poet's flame expires;
 But, ah! how fiercely burn the lover's fires?
 Gods! can no pray'rs, no sighs, no numbers move
 One savage heart, or teach it how to love?
 The winds my pray'rs, my sighs my numbers bear,
 The flying winds have lost them all in air!
 Oh! when, alas! shall more auspicious gales
 To these fond eyes restore thy welcome sails?
 If you return, ah! why these long delays?
 Poor Sappho dies while careless Phaon slays.
 O launch thy bark, nor fear the wat'ry plain:
 Venus for thee shall smooth her native main.
 O launch thy bark, secure of prosp'rous gales;
 Cupid for thee shall spread the swelling sails.
 If you will fly, (yet ah! what cause can be,
 Too cruel youth, that you should fly from me?),
 If not from Phaon I must hope for ease,
 Ah! let me seek it from the raging seas:
 To raging seas unpity'd I'll remove,
 And either cease to live, or cease to love!

REFLECTIONS ON A FUTURE STATE.

From a Review of Winter.

By JAMES THOMSON.

'TIS done ! dread Winter spreads his latest glooms,
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year,
How dead the vegetable kingdom lies !
How dumb the tuneful ! Horror wide extends
His desolate domain. Behold, fond man !
See here thy pictur'd life : pass some few years,
Thy flow'ring spring, thy summer's ardent strength,
Thy sober autumn fading into age,
And pale concluding winter comes at last,
And shuts the scene. Ah ! whither now are fled
Those dreams of greatness ? those unsolid hopes
Of happiness ? those longings after fame ?
Those restless cares ? those busy bustling days ?
Those gay-spent, festive nights ? those veering thoughts
Lost between good and ill, that shar'd thy life ?
All now are vanish'd ! Virtue sole survives,
Immortal never-failing friend of man,
His guide to happiness on high. And see !
'Tis come, the glorious morn ! the second birth
Of heaven and earth ! awak'ning nature hears
The new-creating word, and starts to life,

In ev'ry heighten'd form, from pain and death
 For ever free. The great eternal scheme,
 Involving all, and in a perfect whole
 Uniting as the prospects wider spreads,
 To reason's eye refin'd clears up apace.
 Ye vainly wise ! ye blind presumptuous ! now,
 Confounded in the dust, adore that pow'r
 And wisdom oft arraign'd ; see now the cause
 Why unassuming worth in secret liv'd,
 And died neglected : why the good man's share
 In life was gall and bitterness of soul :
 Why the lone widow and her orphans pin'd
 In starving solitude ; while luxury,
 In palaces, lay straining her low thought,
 To form unreal wants : why heaven-born truth,
 And moderation fair, wore the red mark
 Of superstition's scourge ; why licens'd pain,
 That cruel spoiler, that embosom'd foe,
 Embitter'd all our blifs. Ye good distress'd !
 Ye noble few ! who here unbending stand
 Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up awhile,
 And what your bounded view, which only saw
 A little part, deem'd evil, is no more :
 The storms of wint'ry time will quickly pass,
 And one unbounded spring encircle all.

A WINTER-PIECE.

IT was a winter's evening, and fast came down the snow,
And keenly o'er the wide heath the bitter blast did blow,
When a damsel all forlorn, quite bewilder'd in her way,
Press'd her baby to her bosom, and sadly thus did say :

“ Oh ! cruel was my father, that shut his door on me,
And cruel was my mother, that such a sight could see ;
And cruel is the wint'ry wind, that chills my heart with
cold ;

But crueller than all, the lad who left my love for gold !

“ Hush, hush, my lovely baby, and warm thee in my
breast !

Ah ! little thinks thy father how sadly we're distressed !
For, cruel as he is, did he know but how we fare,
He'd shield us in his arms from this bitter piercing air.

“ Cold, cold, my dearest jewel ! thy little life is gone :
Oh ! let my tears revive thee, so warm that trickle down ;
My tears that gush so warm, oh ! they freeze before they
fall,

Ah wretched, wretched mother ! thou art bereft of all.”

Then down she sunk despairing upon the drifted snow ;
And, wrung with killing anguish, lamented loud her woe :
She kiss'd her baby's pale lips, and laid it by her side ;
Then cast her eyes to heaven, then bow'd her head, and
dy'd.

SELF-LOVE.

By *Dr. YOUNG.*

WHO venerate themselves, the world despise,
For what, gay friend! is this escutcheon'd world,
Which hangs out death in one eternal night?
A night that glooms us in the noon-tide ray,
And wraps our thought, at banquets, in the shroud.
Life's little stage is a small eminence,
Inch-high the grave above; that home of man,
Where dwells the multitude; we gaze around;
We read their monuments; we sigh; and while
We sigh we sink, and are what we deplor'd;
Lamenting, or lamented, all our lot!

Is death at distance? No: he has been on thee;
And giv'n sure earnest of his final blow.
Those hours that lately smil'd, where are they now?
Pallid to thought, and ghastly! drown'd, all drown'd
In that great deep which nothing disembogues!
And, dying, they bequeath'd thee small renown.
The rest are on the wing: how fleet their flight!
Already has the fatal train took fire;
A moment, and the world's blown up to thee;
The sun is darkness, and the stars are dust.

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END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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